



MISFORTUNES OF BARNEY O'NEIL.

Air : Broth of a Boy.

Oh, listen now, Ladies and Gentlemen,
I'll tell something while I sing ;
The most unfortunate man, in the country,
Is myself, Mr. Barney O'Neil.
My wife she's the Devil's own creature,
Divil a word can I speak to her at all !
I'll have to be hugging the children,
Or she'll set up the divil's own bawl.
Chorus : Oh ! don't you be talking about woman ;
Just look at myself all forlorn :
I'm going to Ould Ireland, next Tuesday,
To live wid myself on a farm.

I remember the day we were married ;
At her feet I would hourly kneel ;
I would kiss her, and hug her, and squeeze her,
And say : you're my own Mrs. O'Neil.
But, now, the old boy would not hold her ;
She makes fire-wood out of the doors ;
And the next time she says a word to me,
I'll knock her, straight down on the floor.

Chorus : Oh ! don't you be talking, &c.

Last night, she went out to a party,
Held up at old Ruly McGuires ;
And the effects of the lemonade was awful ;
For, she burned all her clothes at the fire.
She went up to Ghegans for a picture ;
A prettier face couldn't be had ;
But the 50 cents piece she had wid her,
By the powers above ! it was bad....

Chorus : Oh ! don't you be talking, &c.

I've pawned the chairs, table and carpet,
The looking-glass, clock and old stove ;
For, the whiskey I must have, by all means,
Or the bloom would secede from my nose.
I've pawned every thing that I know of ;
Who'll give me three cents for my hat ?
I'm all the time sighing and weeping,
It's that, you see, makes me so fat.

Chorus : Oh ! don't you be talking, &c.



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